

A SPANKING FROM THE DOCTOR

by Caggle

This little fantasy came into my head after watching Dr Who, the last series with Christopher Ecclestone, the episode where Rose tries to save her father's life and things go very wrong.

BACK in the Tardis, Rose was very quiet. She sat in the corner thinking about recent events. The Doctor watched her closely but felt it best to leave her for now. She'd only done what most people would probably do under the circumstances, she wasn't to know the consequences of her actions. After all, everything had worked out fine in the end. He would have to make it clear to her never to try and interfere with events again, but this wasn't the time for harsh words.

Rose was deep in thought. She couldn't believe how much she'd screwed up and she felt so guilty and so stupid. Surely The Doctor would take her home now, she was a liability and definitely not someone he would want with him in future. She smiled as she remembered her father and thought how nice it had been to spend some time with him, if only for a while. She was disappointed she couldn't save him, but proud of him for sacrificing his life once he realised that was how history was intended to be. She felt happy and sad at the same time.

She looked up and saw The Doctor watching her intently. "You OK?" he asked, with genuine concern. She nodded and smiled. "I'm fine thanks." Then her smile faded and she asked him if he would be taking her home now. "No, what gives you that idea? I like having you with me. OK, things could have gone horribly wrong today but everything turned out well in the end. I should never have taken you there, I should have known what you would do. But please don't EVER do anything like that again."

"I'm sorry Doctor, I promise it won't ever happen again..... but I just feel so guilty. How can you ever forgive me for my stupidity? How can you ever trust me again?" He smiled and held his hands out to her. She grasped his hands and allowed him to pull her up and hold her close against him. He whispered words of comfort to her and told her everything was OK.

But it wasn't. She needed to cry, she needed to release the tension inside

her, she needed to earn his forgiveness, but the tears wouldn't come. She needed him to..... no, he would never do that. She looked at him and tried to find the words but they wouldn't come. He looked at her, confused. Remembering he could read her mind she gazed into his eyes and in her head said "spank me".

He stepped back and looked at her. "What?" She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and said: "I need it Doctor, I need to be forgiven..... I mean properly forgiven. I need to cry, it's the only way. Please!"

Putting his fingers under her chin, he lifted her face and made her look at him. "Are you sure Rose?" She closed her eyes and nodded. Again she conveyed her thoughts to him. "Spank me please..... I need it... please Doctor."

"Very well," he said, taking her by the hand, sitting down and taking her across his lap. She was relieved he did this quickly, not giving her a chance to fight him. She needed it but still wouldn't give in so easily. She screwed her eyes tightly shut, balled her fists, tensed every muscle in her body and waited.

Eventually he started but it was hard, so hard, and she was thankful that she was wearing her jogging bottoms. She didn't expect him to spank so hard, and it was so fast too. She held her breath and tried to take it, tried not to fight him, but it was hurting so much. He spanked relentlessly, one cheek then the other, high then low, in the middle of her cheeks, then her sit spot, the top of her thighs, hard and fast and quickly covering her whole bottom and upper thighs. She started to cry out, no longer trying to be brave.

He paused for a moment then tapped her bottom and asked her to raise her hips. She obeyed and he quickly pulled her trousers down to her knees. She settled down over his lap again as he rubbed his hand gently over her white cotton knickers, admiring the redness visible below her bottom cheeks.

The Doctor started to spank again, harder now, covering the seat of her pants and letting an occasional spank fall on the bare skin of her thighs. She squealed every time he smacked her thighs and kicked her legs hard. Before long her trousers were round her ankles, restraining her kicking legs

until eventually they fell onto the floor. He continued to spank hard and fast and she was obviously struggling very much, but still no tears came.

He helped her to her feet and stood her in front of him, holding her between his legs as he stayed seated. "Feel better now?" She shook her head no. Giving her no time to stop him, he grasped each side of her knickers and pulled them down to her ankles and told her to step out.

"Noooooooooooooooooooooo," she said, covering herself with her hands. He slapped her thigh hard, told her to put her hands on her head and step out of her knickers NOW!

Knowing she was blushing so much, she closed her eyes, put her hands on her head and stepped out of her knickers. He stood up and kissed her gently on the forehead. He stroked her face and told her he was doing this for her own good, that she must NEVER do anything so stupid again. Seeing he was close to breaking her, he sat down and pulled her back over his lap.

He held her in position and watched her for a moment, deep in thought. He looked into her mind and watched the visions of her with an older guy, in pretty much the same position as she was now. The guy was spanking her bare bottom hard and she was kicking and crying out. He held her hand tight against her back. She loved how he held her hand like this, it made her feel safe and she loved to squeeze his hand to let him know she appreciated him looking after her in this way. She loved it when he gave her hand a gentle squeeze as the other hand punished her bottom hard. He then picked up a small paddle and she squeezed his hand so tight as she kicked and squealed, but never tried to get out of position. Afterwards he rubbed her bottom gently then his fingers wandered to the damp area between her legs and brought her to orgasm after orgasm.

The Doctor looked away, he felt like he was intruding on her very private thoughts. Feeling him in her mind she told him that the man he could see was her Sir, he was one of the things she missed most on earth and she felt bad she'd never contacted him and would probably never see him again. She missed him so much. She explained that he dealt with her on a regular basis before she'd met The Doctor and he was a good friend who she loved dearly and respected more than anyone else on earth.

Tears were in her eyes as she thought of the paddling he would give her and how he would make her cry those cleansing tears she needed to take away

her guilt and shame.

The Doctor took out his sonic screwdriver and pressed the button. It wasn't only good at opening doors, it could also transform itself into anything he wanted and this time it turned into a small wooden paddle. He asked for her hand and held it firmly against her back, giving her a reassuring squeeze. He smiled as she squeezed her fingers tightly around his hand. He laid the paddle against her bottom and rubbed it gently. She enjoyed feeling the cool surface of the wood against her very hot bottom. She started to breathe deeply and knew soon her tears would come.

He decided to get this over with quickly and brought the paddle down hard against the centre of her bottom. She kicked her legs and cried out loud, her upper body lifting as she struggled to stay down. He brought the paddle down on her right cheek and then quickly followed with a smack to her left cheek. Again she cried out and her legs kicked. He then built up a steady rhythm until her whole bottom was crimson and she was crying out and kicking her legs at each stroke.

He then moved onto her thighs and started to spank his way down to the back of her knees then up again, one leg then the other. She was crying out loud now, struggling to stay still and gripping his hand so tight.

He adjusted her position slightly, moving her further forward and raising her bottom, then spanked her sit spots hard with the paddle. She started to sob gently, then as he went back to paddling her whole bottom hard and fast the tears started to flow and she was soon openly weeping, out of pity for herself, out of shame for letting the Doctor down and also for her Sir who she missed so much.

Putting the paddle down, he rubbed her bottom gently as she sobbed uncontrollably. Once she was calmer he helped her up, carefully sat her on his lap and held her against him, rocking her gently in his arms. He kissed her tears away and told her she was all forgiven and she smiled as she slipped into a peaceful sleep. He watched her dream for a while then carried her to bed. He cursed himself for never seeing these thoughts about her Sir, for not even knowing he existed, and vowed that soon her would take her there, let her be with him again. He tucked her into bed, kissed her goodnight and held her in his arms all night long so she wouldn't wake alone.

